

THE
SYNAGOGVE,
OR,
THE SHADOW
OF THE
TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS,
AND
PRIVATE EJA-
CVLATIONS.

In imitation of Mr. GEORGE
HERBERT.

Plin. Secund. lib. 1. Epist. 5.
*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima
quæq; proponere.*

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

The second Edition, corrected
and enlarged.

LONDON,
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the gilded Lion in Pauls Church-
yard. 1647.

III
TO THE AUTHOR.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend;
Verse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit,
For these all our Church-Poet doth intend,
An! He who hath this Imitation writ.
O glory of the time! best English Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. L.

Subterliminare.

Dic, Cujus templum ? Christi. Quis condidit ? Ede.
Condidit Herbertus. Dis, quibus auxiliis ?
Auxiliis multis : quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia, proinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens cuncta fuisse sua.
Ars negat, et nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo :
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
Divide. Materiam det gratia, materiaque
Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.
Non : ne displiciat pariter res omnibus ista,
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt cultusque, modosque,
Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.
In templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,
Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.
Cedite Romanae, Graia quoque cedite Musae,
Unum par auctoris Anglia jactat opus.

*A stepping-stone to the threshold
of Mr. Herberts Church-porch.*

What Church is this ? Christs Church. Who builded
Master *George Herbert*. Who assisted it ? (it ?
Many assisted : who, I may not say,
So much contention might arise that way.
If I say grace gave all, wit straight doth thwart,
And sayes all that is there is mine : but art
Denies, and sayes there's nothing there but's mine :
Nor can I easily the right define.
Divide : say, grace the matter gave, and wit
Did polish it, art measur'd and made fit
Each sev'rall piece, and fram'd it all together.
No, by no means : this may not please them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone,
When each doth challenge all to be his owne :
The matter, the expressions, and the measures,
Are equally arts, wits, and graces treasures.
Then he, that would impartially discusse
This doubtfull question, must answer thus :
In building of his temple Master *Herbert*
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.

Roman and Grecian Muses all give way :
One English Poem darkens all your day.

¶ The Dedication.

Lord, my first fruits should have been sent to thee :
For thou the tree
That bare them, onely lentest unto me.

But, while I had the use, the fruit was mine :
Not so divine,
As that I dare be bold to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground :
And since I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have wip'd, and pickt, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou knowst how
Gladly I would, but dare not, it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

0411

¶ The Church-yard.

Thou that intendest to the Church to day,
Come take a turn or two, before thou go'st,
In the Church-yard: the walk is in thy way.
Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most:
But he that unprepared, rashly ventures,
Hastens perhaps to seale his deaths indentures.

¶ The Church-stile.

See'st thou that stile? Observe then how it rises,
Step after step, and equally descends.
Such is the way to winne celestially prizes;
Humility the course begins and ends.
Would'st thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.
Humble thy self, and God will lift thee up:
Those that exalt themselves, he casteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to sup,
And cloaths the naked with his roab and crown.
Think not thou hast what thou from him would'st
His labour's lost, if thou thy self canst save. (have:

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
Which casteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gaines by giving, riseth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loose by keeping,
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

¶ The Church-gate.

NExt to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may
Eas'ly be shut or open'd with an hand,
Yet constant to its center still doth stay :
And fetching a wide compasse round about,
Keepes the same course and distance, never out.

Such must the course be, that to heaven tends:
He that the gates of righteousness would enter,
Must still continue constant to his ends,
And fix himselfe in God, as in his center.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray,

We never wander till we loose our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide :
But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,
Unhookt from him, we quickly turn aside.
He holds us up, whilst in him we are found :
If once we fall from him, we go to ground.

¶ The Church-walls.

Now view the wals, the Church is compass'd round,
As much for safety, as for ornament :
'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground ;
'Tis Gods freehold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in taile, we be :
Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remem-

The Synagogue.

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Remember there must be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of false illusions :
God will have all, or none ; allowes no scope
For sinnes incroachments, and mens own intrusions.
Close binding locks his lawes together fast :
He that plucks out the first, puls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none :
Obedience universall he doth claime :
Either be wholly his, or all thine owne :
At what thou canst not reach, at least take ayme.
He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
Might as well hoodwinckt shoot, or in the dark.

¶ The Church.

LAstly, consider where the Church doth stand,
As neer unto the middle as may be :
God in his service chiefly doth command
Above all other things sinceritie.
Lines drawn from side to side within a round,
Not meeting in the center, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing,
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him.
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
Must fetch it from the bottome, not the brim.
A sacred temple of the holy Ghost
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchymie,
That casts a golden tincture upon brasse :

As

There

The Synagogue.

There is no essence in it; 'tis a lye,
 Though fairly stamp't for truth it often passe;
 Onely the spirits *aqua regia* doth
 Discover it to be but painted froth.

¶ The Church-porch.

NOW, ere thou passest further, sit thee down
 In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast
 Let due consideration either crown, (seen;
 Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
 Rash undertakings, and firme resolutions,
 Depends the strength, or weaknesse of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory,
 And first resolve of what thou heardest last,
 Sinceritie: It blots the history
 Of all religious actions, and doth blast
 The comfort of them, when in them God sees
 Nothing but outsidcs of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not:
 And rather for Gods sake then for thine own:
 Thou hast robb'd him, unlesse that he have got
 By giving, if his glory be not grown
 Together with thy good. Who seeketh more
 Himself then God, would make his roof his floore.

Next to sincerity remember still,
 Thou must resolve upon integritie:
 God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
 Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullitie

The Synagogue.

It proves, when God, that should have all, doth finde
That there is any one thing left behinde.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Mete his commandment,
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Untill it reach unto the same extent :

For all his precepts are of equall strength;
And measure thy performance to the length.

Then call to minde that constancy must knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions fast :

He that sets forth tow'rds heaven, and doth sit
Down by the way, will be found short at last.

Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have
An heav'nly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be constant, must not take
Religion up by fits, and starts alone;

But his continuall practise must it make;

His course must be from end to end but one.

Bones often broken, and knit up again, (gain.
Loose of the 'eng' though in their strength they.

Lastly, remember that humility

Must solidate and keep all close together :

What pride puffs up with vain swelling,

Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.

An empty bubble may faire colours carry ;

But blow upon it, and it will not carry.

Prize not thine owne too high, nor underrate

Anothers worth, but beale indifferently.

View the defects of thy spirituall state,

And others graces, with impartiall eye.

The more thou deemest of thy self, the lesse
Esteem of thee will all men else expresse.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just
The summe of all. He that desires to see
The face of God, in his religion must
Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.
If thus resolved, fear not to proceed ; speed!
Else the more hast thou mak'st, the worse thou'lt

¶ Invitation.

Turn in, my Lord, turn in to me.

My heart's an homely place :

But thou canst make corruption flee,

And fill it with thy grace.

So furnished it will be brave,

And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before, ⁴⁴ *alin*

It builded was by thee :

But I to sinne set ope the doore,

It render'd was by mee.

And so thy building was defac'd,

And in thy roome another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine :

O dispossesse him, Lord.

Doe thou but say, this heart is mine,

Hee's gone at the first word.

Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy pow'r,

Thy time is always, now's mine how'r.

Now

The Synagogue.

Now say to sinne, depart :

And, sonne, give me thine heart.

Thou, that by saying, let it be, didst make it;

Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, give't me, take it.

¶ Comfort in extremitie.

A Las ! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe !
It will be my undoing.

If he goe.

I'll runne and overtake him :

If he stay,

I'll cry aloud, and make him

Look this way.

O stay, my Lord, my love, 'tis I.

Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheere up thy drooping spirits,
I am here.

My all-sufficient merits

Shall appeare

Before the throne of glory

In thy stead :

I'll put into thy story

What I did.

Lift up thine eyes, sad soule, and see

Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.

Alas ! shall I present

My sinfulness

To thee ? Thou wilt resent

The loathsomnesse.



The Synagogue.

Be not affraid, I'll take
Thy finnes on me,
And all my favour make
To shine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.
As I have made thee now, I take thee.

¶ Resolution and assurance.

Lord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beswew that not:
It was my sinne begot
That question first: Yes, Lord, thou wilt,
Thy blood was spilt
To wash away my guilt.

Lord, I will love. Shall I not?
Beswew that not.
'Twas deaths accursed plot
To put that question. Yes, I will,
Lord, love thee still
In spite of all my ill.

Then life, and love continue still,
We shall, and will,
My Lord, and I, untill
In his celestiall hill
We love our fill
When he hath purged all my ill.

¶ Vowes

¶ Vows broken and renewed.

Said I not so, that I would sinne no more?
Witnesse my God, I did.

Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I doe? Make vows, and breake them still?
'Twill be but labour lost.
My good cannot prevaile against mine ill:
The bus'nesse will be crost!

O say not so: thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past. (mayst)
Vow, whilst thou canst: whilst thou canst vow, thou
Perhaps performe it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows, and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again.
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vaine.

Then once again
I vow to mend my wayes;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the prayse.

¶ Confusion.

¶ Confusion.

O H ! how my mind
 is gravel'd !
 not a thought
 That I can find
 but's ravel'd
 all to nought.
 Short ends of threds,
 and narrow shreds
 of lists,
 Knots snarled ruffles,
 loose broken tufts
 of twists,
 Are my torn meditations ragged cloathing,
 Which wound, and woven shape a suit for nothing :
 One while I think, and then I am in pain
 To think how to unthink that thought again.

 How can my soule
 but famish
 with this food ?
 Pleasures full bowle
 tastes rammish,
 taints the blood.
 Profit picks bones,
 and chews on stones
 that choak :
 Honour climbs hills,
 fats not, but fills
 with smoak.
 And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,
 They passe by pearles, and stoop to pick up pease.

Such

The Synagogue.

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Such wash, and draffe is fit for none but swine :

And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.

Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh :

Else my soule dyes famisht, and starv'd with flesh

¶ A Paradox.

The worse the better.

Welcome my health : this sicknesse makes me well.

Med'cines adiew :

When with diseases I have list to dwell,

I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength : this weaknesse makes me able.

Powers adiew :

When I am weary grown of standing stable,

I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth : this losse hath gain'd me more.

Riches adiew :

When I again grow greedy to be poore,

I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit : this disgrace is glory.

Honours adiew :

When for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,

I'll wish for you.

Welcome content : this sorrow is my joy.

Pleasures adiew :

When I desire such griefes as may annoy,

I'll wish for you.

Health,

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,
 Are spared best sometimes, when they are spent;
 Sicknesse, and weaknesse, losse, disgrace, and sorrow,
 Lend most sometimes, when they seeme most to borrow.
 Blest be that hand, that helps by hurting, gives
 By taking, by forsaking me relieves.
 If in my fall my rising be thy will,
 Lord, I will say, *The worse the better still.*
 I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
 And let thy grace supply my want of wit.
 Leave me no learning that a man may see,
 So I may be a scholler unto thee.

¶ Inmates.

A House I had (a heart I meane) too wide,
 And full of spacious roomes on ev'ry side,
 That viewing it I thought I might doe well
 (Rather then keep it voyd, and make no gain
 Of what I could not use) to entertain
 Such guests as came. I did. But what befell
 Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas ! I have her still)
 A great big-belly'd guest, enough to fill
 The vast content of hell, *Corruption.*
 By entertaining her I lost my right
 To more then all the world hath now in sight.
 Each day, each hou'r almost, she brought forth one,
 Or other base-begot *Transgression.*

The Synagogue.

17

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before
All that I had, was forced now to score

For all the charges of their maintenance
In doomes-day book, Who ever knew't would say
The least summe there was more then I could pay,

When first t'was due, beside continuance,
Which could not chouse but much the debt en-
(hance.

To ease me first I wisht her to remove :

But she would not. I su'd her then above,

And begg'd the Court of heaven, but in vain,
To cast her out. No, I could not evade

The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That whilst both lived, I should entertain

At mine own charge both her and all her train

No help then, but or I must dye, or she :

And yet my death of no availe would be :

For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When first she liv'd in me : and now to dye

Another death again were but to tye,

And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life : but her to kill

I, of my self, had neither pow'r, nor will.

So desp'rate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew,
The lesse I had to pay, the more was due.

The more I knew, the more I was affraid :

The more I mus'd, the more I was dismay'd.

one,

The

At

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one :

A friend must do it for me. He alone,

That is the Lord of life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption :

And many years ago the deed was done.

His heart was pierc'd, out of his side there ran
Sins corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balme I begg'd, for pitties sake,

At mercies gate : where faith alone may take

What grace, and truth do offer lib'rally.

Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and beleev'd.

None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon faith said instantly,

That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas !

We are not parted. She is where she was,

Cleaves fast unto me stil, looks through mine eyes,

Speakes in my tongue, and museth in my mind,

Works with my hands : her body's left behind,

Although her soule be gone. My miseries

All flow from hence : from hence my woes arise.

I loath my selfe, because I leave her not :

Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot

Now being dead, that living was my choice :

And still, though dead, she both conceives, and bears,

Many faults dayly, and as many fears :

All which for vengeance call with a loud voyce,

And drown my comforts with their deadly noyse.

The Synagogue.

19

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,
And putrifie. How can I then but think
Corruption noysome, even mortify'd?
Though such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind fooles can never see,
Or will not credit, untill they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hyde.

But mortify'd Corruption lyes unmaskt,
Blabs her own secret filthinesse unaskt,
To all that understand her. That do none,
In whom she lives embraced with delight:
She first of all deprives them of their sight:
Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautifull alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead,
The other lives. Yet that, which lives, is lead,
Or rather carry'd captive unto sin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.
The worse part of the better oft doth win,
And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The sent would choak me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place
With odors of the spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,
Although sternall torments be my merit,
And of my self Transgressions onely please me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge

The Synagogue.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.

Having no state my self, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voyded, if thou say avaunt ?

O speak the word, and make these inmates flee ;
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

¶ *The Curb.*

Peace, rebell thought : do'st thou not know thy King,
My God, is here ?

Cannot his presence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear ?

Or were he absent, all the standers-by
Are but his spies :
And well he know's, if thou should'st it deny,
Thy words were lyes.

If others will not, yet I must, and will,
My self complain.

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought
Began to move,

And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love :

Faine he would have me to believe, that sinne,
And thou might both,

Take up my heart together for your Inne,
And neither loth

The others company, awhile sit still,
And part againe.

The Synagogue.

21

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest.

The fault is great

And I the guilty party have confess'd,

I must be beat :

And I refuse not punishment for this,

Though to my pain,

So I may learn to do no more amiss,

Nor sinne again.

Correct me, if thou wilt ; but teach me then,

What I shall do.

Lord of my life, me thinks I hear thee say,

That labour's eas'd :

The fault, that is confess'd, is done away,

And thou art pleas'd.

How can I sinne again, and wrong thee then,

That do'st relent,

And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men

Do but repent ?

No, rebell thought : for if thou move again,

I'll tell that too.

The Losse.

THe match is made
between my love and me :

And therefore glad,

and merry, now I'll be.

Come glory, crown

my head,

and pleasures drowne

my bed

of thorns in down.

Sorrow

Tell

The Synagogue.

Sorrow be gone,
 delight,
 and joy, alone
 besit
 my honey moone.

Be packing now,
 you comb'rous cares, and fears,
 Mirth will allow
 no roome to sighs, and teares.

Whilst thus I lay,
 as ravisht with delight,
 I heard one say,
so fooles their friends requite.

I knew the voyce
 my Lords,
 and at the noyse
 his words
 did make, arose.

I lookt, and spy'd
 each where,
 and loudly cry'd,
 my deer,
 but none reply'd.

Then to my grief
 I found my love was gone,
 Without relief
 leauing me all alone.

¶ The Search.

W Hither, oh ! whither is my Lord departed ?
 What can my love, that is so tender hearted,
 Forsake the soule which once he thorow darted,
 As though it never smarted ?

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No sure, my Love is here, if I could find him :
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh ! my senses are too weake to wind him :
Or else I do not mind him.

Oh ! no, I mind him not so as I ought :
Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,
When I had lost my self : he dearly bought
Me that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound :
Lost him again, by whom I first was found :
Him, that exalted me, have cast to th'ground :
My sinnes his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, Oh ! tell me (thou alone canst tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell :
For in thy absence heav'n it self is hell :
Without thee none is well.

Or if thou bee'st not gone, but onely hidest
Thy presence in the place where thou abidest,
Teach me the sacred art, which thou providest
For all them, whom thou guidest,

To seek, and find thee by : Else here I'll lye
Untill thou find me. If thou let me dye,
That onely unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dy'st as well as I.

For if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead must be :
At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the judge thy self, I have
Thy promise for it, which thou canst not wave,

No

B

That

That who salvation at thy hands do crave,
Thou wilt not faile to save.

Oh ! seek, and save me then, or else deny
Thy truth, thy self. Oh ! thou that canst not lye
Shew thy self constant to thy word, draw nigh :
Finde me. Loe, here I lye.

¶ The Return.

Loe, now my love appears,
My teares
Have clear'd mine eyes. I see
'Tis he.
Thanks, blessed Lord : thine absence was my hell,
And now thou art returned, I am well,
By this I see I must
not trust
My joyes unto my self.
This self
Of too secure, and proud presumptuous pleasure
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.
Who would have thought a joy
So coy,
To be offended so,
And go
So suddenly away ? As though enjoying
Full pleasure, and contentment were anoying.
Hereafter I had need
Take heed :
Joyes, amongst other things,
Have wings.

The Synagogue.

25

And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But is't enough for me
To be

Instructed to be wise?
I'll rise,

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keep,
Must weep,

And in the brine of tears,
And fears,

Must pickle them. That powder will preserve.
Faith with repentance is the soules conserve.

Learn to make much of care :

A rare

And precious balsam 'tis

For blisse :

Which oft resides where mirth with sorrow meets.
Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter sweets.

¶ Inundations.

WE talke of Noahs flood, as of a wonder :

And so we may,

The Scriptures say,

The waters did prevaile, the hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpass

That flood as farre,

As heav'n one starre :

Which many men regard as little as

The ordinari' things that are.

The one is sinne, the other is salvation :

And we must need

Confesse indeed

That either of them is an inundation,

That doth the deluge far exceed.

In *Noahs* flood, he, and his household liv'd :

And there abode

A whole ark-load

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd,

All safely on the waters rode.

But when sinne came, it overflowed all,

And left none free :

Nay even he,

That knew no sinne, could not release my thrall,

But that he was made sinne for me.

And when salvation came, my Saviours blood

Drown'd sinne again,

With all its train

Of evils, overflowing them with good,

With good that ever shall remain.

O let there be one other inundation :

Let grace o'reflow

In my soule so,

That thankfulnesse may leuell with salvation,

And sorrow sinne may overgrow.

Then will I praise my Lord, and Saviour so,

That Angels shall

Admire mans fall,

When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,

Where Satan thought to root out all.

¶ Sinne.

Sinne, I would fain define thee, but thou art
An uncouth thing :
All that I bring
To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.
I call thee the transgression of the law,
And yet I read,
That sinne is dead
Without the law, and thence its strength doth draw.
I say, thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true.
And yet I find,
Death comes behind :
The work is done before the pay be due.
I say, thou art the devils work. Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father :
For he had been no devil but for thee.
What shall I call thee then ? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'll say, thou art the quintessence of evil.

¶ Travailes at home.

Oft have I wisht a travailer to be.
Mine eyes did even wish the sights to see,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never sayes enough ; yet still was crost,
When opportunities had promis'd most.

At last I said : What mean'st thou, wandring elf,
 To straggle thus ? Go travaile first thy self.
 Thy little world can shew thee wonders great.
 The greater may have more, but not more neat
 And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt finde
 Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy minde
Europe supplies, and *Asia* thy will,
 And *Affrick* thine affections. And if still
 Thou list to travaile further, put thy senses
 For both the *Indies*. Make no more pretences
 Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own
 And neereſt little world is still unknown.
 Away then with thy quadrants, compaſſes,
 Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glaſſes ;
 Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
 Close up thine annals, and thy histories :
 Study thy ſelf, and read what thou haſt writ
 In thine own *book*, thy *conſcience*. Is it fit
 To labour after other knowledge ſo,
 And thine own neereſt, deeereſt ſelf not know ?
 Travailes abroad both dear, and dang'rous are :
 Whil'ſt oft the ſoule payes for the bodies fare,
 Travailes at home are cheap, and ſafe: Salvation
 Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.

*He that doth live at home, and learns to know
 God, and himſelf, needeth no further go.*

¶ The Journey.

Life is a journey : from our mothers wombs
 As houſes we ſet out, and in our tombs
 As Innes we reſt, till it be time to riſe.
 Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lyes ;
 Haughty preſumption, and hell-deep deſpaire
 Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming faire.

The

The world with its inticements sleek, and fly
Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery.
The flesh with its corruptions clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.
The devil where we tread doth spread his snares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
These carry us along, in these there lurks
Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits, and the devil takes
Delight to see us pierce our selves with sorrow
To day by thinking what may be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of pleasure, and we never lin
Dawbing our selves with dirty damnd delights,
Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.
Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour, and we break our ranks
To step before our fellowes, though they say,
He soonest wreth that still leads the way.
Sometimes, when others juggle, and provoke us,
We stirre that dust our selves, that serves to choak us,
And raise those tempests of contention, which
Blow us beside the way into the ditch.
Our minds, should be our guides, but they are blind,
Our wills outrun our wits, or lagge behind.
Our furious passions like unbridled jades
Hurry us headlong to th' infernall shades.

If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternall death will be our journey end.

¶ Engines.

MEn often find, when nature's at a stand,
 And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,
 That art, her ape, can reach her out an hand,
 To piece her powers with to a full length :
 And may not grace have means enow in store,
 Wherewith to do as much, as that, and more ?

She may ; she hath engines of ev'ry kind,
 To work what art, and nature when they view
 Stupendious miracles of wonder find,
 And yet must needs acknowledge to be true,
 So far transcending all their power, and might,
 That they amazed stand ev'n at the sight,

Take but three instances, faith, hope, and love.
 Souls helpt by the perspective glasse of faith
 Are able to perceive what is above
 The reach of reason : yea, the Scripture saith,
 Ev'n him that is invisable behold,
 And future things as if th'had been of old.

Faith looks into the secret cabinet
 Of Gods eternall counsels, and doth see
 Such mysteries of glory there, as set
 Beleeving hearts on longing, till they be
 Transform'd to the same image, and appeare
 So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
 Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet,
 Felicity, and misery, can crown
 Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.

Nothing's

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Nothing's impossible to faith : a man
May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above its self in expectation
Of what the soule desireth for its part :
Then when its time of transmigration
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
To wait, as if t were answer'd by and by.

When grief unweildy growes, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will ;
So that a large circumference of late
A little center shall not reach to fill,
Nor that, which giant-like before did strout,
Be able with a pigmeys pace t'hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath overspread the soule withall,
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright,
As the sunne beames spread on a silver wall.
Sin-shaken soules hope anchor-like holds steady,
When stormes and tempests make them more then
(giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travaile through the worlds wide wildernesse,
And burdens seeming most intollerable
Both to take up, and bear with cheerfulness,
To do, or suffer, what appears in sight
Extremly heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered;
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in it self it be much blemished
With many imperfections, which smother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it, yet fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make and keep,
 Things one together, which were other wise,
 Or would be, both divers, and distant. Deep,
 High, long, and broad, or whatsoever size
 Eternitie is of, or happinesse,
 Love comprehends it all, bee't more or lesse.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
 Faith, Hope, and Love, let them possesse mine heart;
 And gladly I'll resigne to other men.
 All I can claime by nature, or by art.
 To mount a soule, and make it still stand stable,
 These are alone engines incomparable.

¶ Church Festivals.

M Arrow of time, eternitie in brief
 Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
 Contents, the indices, the title pages
 Of all past, present, and succeeding ages,
 Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
 The creame of holines,
 The inventories
 Of future blessednes,
 The florilegia of celestiallyl storyes,
 Spirits of joyes, the relishes, and closes
 Of Angels musick, pearles dissolved, roses
 Perfumed; sugar'd honycombs, delights
 Never too highly priz'd,
 The marriage rites,
 Which duly solemniz'd
 Tisler espoused souls to bridall nights,
 Gilded sunbeames, refined Elixirs,
 And quintessentiall extracts of stars;
 Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
 That he loves God, or heaven, or happinesse.

¶ The

¶ The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

HAile Holy
King of dayes
The Emperour,
Or universall
Monarch of time, the weeks
Perpetuall Dictatour.
Vaile Wholly
To thy praise,
For evermore,
Must the reherfall
Of all, that honour seeks
Under the worlds Creatour.

Thy
Beautie
Farr exceeds
The reach of art
To blazon fully,
And I thy light eclipse,
When I most strive to raise thee.
My
Dutie
Yet must needs
Yield thee mine heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of soules, not lips
Alone, are fit to praise thee.

What
Nothing
Else can be
Thou onely art,
Th'extracted spirit
Of all eternitie
By favour antided.
That
Slow thing
Time by thee
Hath got the start,
And doth inherit
That immortalitie,
Which sinne anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body so,
That my soule might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to six dayes owe.

¶ The

¶ The Annunciation.

UNto the musick of the spheres
 Let men, and Angels joyn in consort theirs,
 So great a messenger
 From heav'n to earth
 Is seldome seen
 Attir'd in so much glory:
 A message welcomer,
 Fraught with more mirth,
 Hath never been
 Subject of any story.

This by a double right, if any, may
 Be truly stil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
 So deer by much, as to redeeme it lost.

God said but, *Let it be,*
 And ev'ry thing
 Was made straightway

So as he saw it good:
 But, e'er that he could see

A course to bring
 Man gone astray

To the place where he stood,
 His wisdom with his mercy, for mans sake,
 Against his justice part did take.

And the result was this dayes newes,
 Able the messenger himself to amuse,
 As well as her, to whom
 By him 'twas told,
 That though she were

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A virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A sonne she should
Conceive and beare,
As sure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour she possessed,
Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
That she belev'd, and for eternall blisse
Reli'd on him, whom she
Her self should beare,
And her own sonne
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they heare,
As she hath done
Suit their behaviour,
They may be blessed, as she was, and say
T'is their Annunciation day.

¶ *The Nativitie.*

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sunne, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure.

Whole

Whose center, and circumference,
 Including all preheminnence,
 Excluding nothing but defect,
 And infinite in each respect,
 Is equally both here, and there,
 And now, and then, and ev'ry where,
 And alwayes, one, himself, the same,
 A being far above a name.
 Draw neerer then, and freely powre
 Forth all thy light into that how'r,
 Which was crowned with his birth,
 And made heaven envy earth,
 Let not his birthday clouded be,
 By whom thou shinest, and we see.

¶ The Circumcision.

Sorrow betide my sins! Must smart so soon
 Seize on my Saviours tender flesh scarce grown
 Unto an eight dayes age?
 Can nothing else asswage

The wrath of heaven, but his infant blood:
 Innocent infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world, great God?
 No sooner born, but subject to the rod

Of sinne-incensed wrath?

Alas! what pleasure hath

Thy Fathers justice to begin thy passion,
 Almost together with thine incarnation?

Is it to antidate thy death? Indite

Thy condemnation himself, and write

The copy with thy blood;

Since nothing is so good

Or is't by this experiment to try,

Whether thou beest born morrall, and canst dye?

If

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stayes he not till thy time be come to dye ?

Did'st thou thus early bleed

For us to shew what need

We have to hasten unto thee as fast,
And learn that all the time is lost that's past ?

'Tis true we should do so. Yet in this blood
There's some thing else, that must be understood.

It seales thy covenant,

That so we may not want

Witnesse enough against thee, that thou art
Made subject to the law to act our part.

The sacrament of thy regeneration

It cannot be. It gives no intimation

Of what thou wert, but we,

Native impuritie,

Originall corruption, was not thine,

But onely as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptisme this is brought to me,

As that in Circumcision was to thee.

And so thy losse and pain

Do prove my joy, and gain.

Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood,

Baptisme in water seales my livelyhood.

O blessed change ! Yet rightly understood

That blood was water, and this water's blood.

What shall I give again

To recompense thy pain ?

Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart,

To quit thy foreskin circumsise mine heart.

¶ The Epiphanie.

Great, without controversie great,
 They that do know it will confesse
 The mysterie of godlineffe,
 Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flesh is manifest,
 And that, which hath for ever been
 Invisible, may now be seen,
 Th'eternall dietie new drest.

Angels to shepherds bring the news,
 And wise men guided by a star
 To seek the sunn are come from far.
 Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
 His glory from his own: but these,
 Though strangers, his resplendent rayes
 Of majestie divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give,
 And worshipping him plainly shew
 That unto him they all things owe,
 By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vaile of flesh,
 The sunne of righteousness appears,
 Melting cold eares, and frosty fears,
 And making joyes spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence
 Would work effectually in me.
 Another new Epiphany,
 Exhale, and elevate me hence :

That,

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others shine,
And guide them to that sunne divine,
Whose daylight never shall expire.

¶ *The Passion.*

THis day my Saviour dy'd : and do I live ?
What hath not sorrow slain me yet ?
Did the immortall God vouchsafe to give
His life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched life, then he by his,
So full of glory, and of blisse ?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forsake his glorious throne,
And mount a crosse, the stage of infamie,
That so he might not dye alone,
But dying suffer more, through grief and shame,
Then mortall men have pow'r to name ?

And can ingratitude so far prevaile
To keep mee living still ? Alas !
Me thinks some thorn out of his crown, some naile,
At least his speare, might pierce, and passe
Thorow and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart,
As the right death deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so ?
Would he lay down a price so great,
And not look that his purchases should grow
Accordingly ? Shall I defeat
His just desire ? O no, it cannot be :
His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his : for he did dye
 That I might live : yet dyed so,
 That being dead he was alive ; and I
 Thorow the gates of death must go
 To live with him : yea, to live by him here
 Is a part in his death to beare.

Dye then, dull soule, and if thou canst not dye,
 Dissolve thy self into a sea
 Of living-teares, whose streams may ne'er go dry,
 Nor turned be another way,
 Till they have drown'd all joyes, but those alone,
 Which sorrow claymeth for its own.

For sorrow hath its joyes. And I am glad
 That I would grieve, if I do not.
 But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad,
 And sorrowfull, this day, my lot
 Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
 Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
 A greater grief then can be told :
 And like my grief for him no grief should be,
 If I could grieve so as I would.
 But what I would and cannot he doth see,
 And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief, and death for me are mine,
 For thou hast giv'n them unto me ;
 So my desires to grieve, and dye are thine,
 For they are wrought onely by thee.
 Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleased
 With that, which thou thy self hast raised.

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 Why

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¶ **The Resurrection.**

UP, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soule, behold the doore
Is open, and his precept bids thee rise,
Whose pow'r hath vanquisht all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whilst in the grave thou ly'st.
He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize't
More highly then to keep it bury'd, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenesse
And dust so pleasant to thee,
That happinesse
And heaven cannot wooe thee
To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
Those fetters, which to death, and hell did bind thee ?

In vain thou say'st
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'st
To shew, by thy behaviour,
That thou art risen with him. Till thou shine
Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine ?

Early he rose,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way.
And wilt thou sluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drow sic head ?

Open

Open thine eyes,
 Sin-seiled soule, and see
 What cobweb ties
 They are that trammell thee.
 Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest;
 But losse, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.
 All that is good
 Thy Saviour dearly bought
 With his hearts blood,
 And it must there be sought,
 Where he keeps residence, that rose this day.
 Linger no longer then : up, and away.

¶ *The Ascension.*

Mount, mount, my soule, and climbe, or rather flye,
 With all thy force on high.
 Thy Saviour rose not onely, but ascended,
 And he must be attended
 Both in his conquest and his triumph too.
 His gloryes strongly wooe
 His graces to them, and will not appeare
 In their full lustre, untill both be there.
 Where he now sits, not for himself alone,
 But that upon his throne
 All his redeemed may attendants be,
 Robed, and crown'd as he.
 Kings without courtiers are lone men, they say,
 And do'st thou think to stay
 Behind on earth, whilst thy King reignes in heaven,
 Yet not be of thy happinesse bereaven?
 Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.
 Nothing is wanting there

That

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That thou canst wish to make thee truly blest.

And above all the rest,

Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,

Higher then what is high'st.

O grovell then no longer here on earth,

Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But towre, my soule, and soare above the skyes,

Where thy true treasure lyes.

Though with corruption, and mortalitie

Thou clogg'd, and pinion'd be,

Yet thy fleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes may

Speedily glide away.

To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,

Ascend, if not indeed, yet in desire.

¶ *Whitsunday.*

Nay, startle not to hear that rushing winde,

Wherewith this place is shaken.

Attend awhile, and thou shalt quickly finde

How much thou art mistaken,

If thou think here

Is any cause of feare.

See'st thou not how on those twelve rev'rend heads

Sit cloven tongues of fire ?

And as the rumour of that wonder spreads

The multitude admire

To see it : and

Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety

Of language from them come,

Of whom they dare be bold to say they be

Bred no where but at home,

And

The Synagogue.

And never were
In place such words to heare.

Mock not, prophane despisers of the spirit,
At what's to you unknown :
This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
All nations as his own :

That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
To his celestially throne,
And hath led captive all captivitie,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewise give
Gifts unto all that live,

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which blessed state of glory,
This is his agent here :
To publish to the world that happy story,
Always, and ev'ry where,
This resident
Embassadour is sent.

Heav'n's legier upon earth to counterwork
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light those enemies that lurk
Under sinnes gloomy shade,
That hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus

Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd,
 Diversity of tongues
 By this division of the spirit reliev'd:
 And to prevent all wrongs,
 One faith unites
 People of different rites.
 O let his entertainment then be such,
 As doth him best besit.
 What ever he requireth think not much
 Freely to yield him it:
 For who doth this
 Reapes the first fruits of blisse.

¶ Trinitie Sunday.

GRace, wit, and art assist me ; for I see
 The subject of this dayes solemnitie
 So farre excels in worth,
 That sooner may
 I drain the sea,
 Or drive the day
 With light away,
 Then fully set it forth,
 Except you joyn all three to take my part,
 And chiefly grace fill both my head, and heart,
 Stay busie soule, presume not to enquire
 Too much of what Angels can but admire,
 And never comprehend.
 The Trinitie
 In Unitie,
 And Unitie
 In Trinitie,
 All reason doth transcend.
 God Father, Sonne God, and God holy Ghost,
 Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And

And who most magnifies, best understands,
 And best expresseth, what the heads, and hands,
 And hearts, of all men living,
 When most they try
 To glorifie,
 And raise on high,
 Fall short, and lye
 Groveling below, Mans giving
 Is but restoring by retaile, with losse,
 What from his God he first receiv'd in grosse.

Faith must performe the office of invention.
 And Elocution, struck with apprehension
 Of wonder, silence keep.

Not tongues, but eyes
 Lift to the skies
 In reverend wise
 Best solemnize

This day : whereof the deep
 Mysteries subject lyes out of the reach
 Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach.

Then write *Non ultra* here. Look not for leave
 To speak of what thou never canst conceive
 Worthily, as thou shouldest :

And it shall be
 Enough for thee,
 If none but he
 Himself doth see,

Though thou canst not, thou wouldest
 Make his praise glorious, who is alone
 Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

FINIS.

The Synagogue.

¶ Church Utensils.

Betwixt two dangerous rocks, Prophaneness on
Th'one side, th'other Superstition :
How shall I sail secure ?
Lord, be my steers-man, hold my helm,
And then, though windes with waves o're-
(whelm
my sails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the sea
Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply my oares,
And cry a figg for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to despise my times,
Because they tune not to the times,
I wish may not intrude
His presence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love Gods house, will like his household stuff.

The Font.

THe Font I say. Why not ? And why not neerer
To the Church door ? Why not of stone ?
Is not that blessed fountain open & here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which, from sin and uncleanness washeth clear.

The Synagogue.

And may not beggers well contented bee
Their first almes at the door to take ?
Though, when acquainted better, they may see
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What ? Is he not the Rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-blood run forth ?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd ?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone-vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will;
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter; yet, untill
The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comelinesse
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joyes go lesse:
Yet I will hug my homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dresse.

Regeneration is all in all,
washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal, and instrument thereof. I call
Th' one as well as th' other mine,
And my posterities, as foederall.

If temporall estates may be convey'd
By cov'nants on condition
To men and to their heirs, be not afraid,
My soul, to rest upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

The Synagogue.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience,
When ever practis'd truly, will amount
To an authentick evidence,
Though th' deed were antedated at the Font.

The reading Pue.

Here my new-inter'd soul doth first break-fast,
Here seasoneth her infant taste,
And at her mother-nurse the Churches duggs
With lab'ring lips and tongue she tugs
For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal seed;
Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
Must be content to creep, before they go.

They that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpose to obtrude
Some dictates of their own, instead of Gods
Revealed Will his Word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay men current coyn,
Who seek the standard to purloyn,
And would reduce all tryals to their own,
Both touch-stones, ballances, and weights alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt
Those comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration;
Who dote so much on variation,
That no set formes at all they can endure
To be prescrib'd, or put in ure?

Of the Pulpit.

Rejecting bounds and limits in the way,
If not all wast, yet common ill to lay.

But why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent, that such a one

As knows himself an infant yet, should bee
Dandled upon his mothers knee;
And Babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach; Why should not
Nurslings in Church, as well as wantlings, finde
Their food fit for them in their proper kinde?

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair;
Instead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep;
Who digs through rocks to lay his ground works low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To rake degrees, for skilful, though of quick
Dispatch, is but a truant's trick.
Let us learn first to know our letters well,
Then syllables, then words to spell;
Then to read plainly, & so we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not always true,
Whose way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

The

The Synagogue.

The Book of Common Prayer.

VV Hat Prayer by this booke? And Common?
(Yes, Why not?)

The spirit of grace
And supplication,
Is not left free alone

For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
With his heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone,

Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the wayes,
Wherein to make

Their souls most intimate affections known,
To him that sees in secret, when
Th'are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way

In publike pray'r,
Should choose to do it so,
As all, that hear, may know

They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheming, when they should have pray'd.

The Synagogue.

Devotion will add life unto the letter.

And why should not
That, which authority
Prescribes, esteemed bee
Advantage got?

If th'Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.

Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As sence, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

The Bible.

THe Bible ? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of books:
On which who looks,

As he should do aright, shall never need
With for a better light
To guide him in the night.

Or, when he hungry is for better food

To feed upon,

Then this alone,

If he bring stomach, and digestion good.

And, if he be amiss,

This the best physick is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for every sore,

And sicknesse, which

The poor and rich

With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,

An antidote, as well

As remedy 'gainst hell.

'Tis

The Synagogue.

'Tis heaven in perspective, and the blisse
Of glory here,
If any where,

By Saints on earth anticipated is,
Whilst faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glasse of souls, wherein
All men may see,
Whether they bee
Still, as by nature th'are, deform'd with sin,
Or in a better case,
As new ador'nd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spir'tual armes,
Wherein doth lye
Th'artillerie
Of heaven, ready charg'd against all harmes
That might come by the blowes
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of revealed counsel 'tis :
Where weal and woe
Are order'd so,
That ev'ry man may know which shall be his,
Unlesse his own mistake
False application make.

It is the index to Eternity.
He cannot misse
Of endlesse blisse
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.
Nor can he be mistook,
Who speaketh by this book.

A Book, to which no book may be compar'd
For excellence :
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be shad

The Synagogue.

Divinity alone,
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the book of God. What if I should
Say, God of books ?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expression, as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he findes such another.

The Pulpit.

TIs dinner time ; and now I look
For a full meal. God send me a good cook.
This is the dresser-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm sure the Master of the house
Enough to entertain his guests allows :
And not enough of some one sort alone,
But choyse of what best fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me taste and stomach good,
My feeding will diversifie my food.

'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digestion, that makes good mear.

The best food in it self will be,
Not fed on well, poyson, nor food, to me.
Let him that speaks look to his words, my ear
Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of heaven, Angels food : I fear

No

The Synagogue.

No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow;
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine; where he only wants, that takes
Nor what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth
Water, wine, milk, oyl, honey, and the word
Of all transcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In firmness answerable; so
That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life; and whilst they spare
To come and take it, they must blame
Themselves, if they continue still the same.
The body's fed by food, which it
Assimilates, and to it self doth fit:
But, that the soul may feed, it self must be
Transformed to the word, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must bee
As new-born babes, when ever they it see,
Desiring, not despising it.
For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
Themselves in time, untill they can
Get by degrees (which be seem a man)
Experience exercized senses able,
Good to discern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then, till I see
The steward reaching out a messe for me;

Resolved

The Synagogue.

Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
What e're it be, and feed on't heartily,
Although no *Benjamin's* choice messe,
Five times as much as others, but far lesse;
Yea, ift be but a basket full of crums,
I'll blesse the hand from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withall, sit still
And see what th'Master of the feast
Will carve unto me, and account that best,
Which he doth choose for me, not I
My self desire; yea, though I should espy
Some fault in th'dressing, in the dishing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholesome, though
The sawce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
Empty away, and starve my soul,
To feed my foolish fancy, but controul
My appetite to dainry things,
Which oft in stead of strength diseases brings.
But, if my pulpit hopes shall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading pue again.

The Communion Table.

Here stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soul and body shall divorce,

And

The Synagogue.

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the Holy Table.

The name I stick not at;
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be, called so.

And for the matter, whereof it is made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of such,
Or wood, or mettall, what will last, or fade,
So vanitie,
And superstition, avoided bee.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, ovall, many-angled, long, or round.
If close it bee,
Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet, methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greatest decency,
And that which maketh most for union:
But needlesly
To vary, tends to th'breach of charity.

Yet, rather then I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a party make
For faction,
Or side but seemingly in th'action.

The Synagogue.

At a communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
Of unity and peace, either in sight
Apparently,
Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,
More then before they were,
Should not it self appear,
Though but appear, distinctly divers. None
Too much can see
Of what, when most, yet but enough can bee.

If others will dissent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may,
As hath been done alway,
By th'best, and most, I will my self do so.
Of one accord,
The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

Communion Plate.

NEver was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood to us
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings
For Star-like Diamonds to glitter in.

No,

The Synagogue.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.

Spirits of pearles dissolved would but dead
This wine.

This heav'nly food
Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can

There be
Vessels too costly made by any man?

Sure he,
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that fanatic's not ry'd

To state,
Yet sure religion should not be envy'd

The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be set forth,
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King, unto whose cross all Kings must vail

Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full course strike sail:

Whose frowns
And smiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them either unto weal or woe.

A King, whose will is justice, and whose word

Is pow'r,
And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
An heu'r

The Synagogue.

Of service truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to be partaker of blisse.

When such a King offers to come to me
As food,

Shall I suppose his carriages can bee
Too good?

No. Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could

Be rich enough, to be employed so.

If I might with then, I would have this bread,
This wine,

Vessel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed
His shine,

When he should see:
But, till that bee,

I'll rest my self contented with't as 'tis.

Of manner worth
To be let forth
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King, who whole crowns all Kings must
Then crowns

And his whole crown
Whole crowns

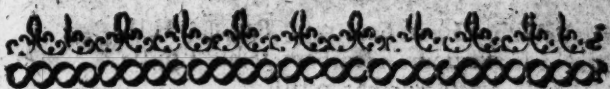
And his whole crown
Whole crowns

And his whole crown
Whole crowns

And his whole crown
Whole crowns

And his whole crown
Whole crowns

To



TO
His Ingenious friend, the
Author of the *Synagogue*; upon his
Additional Church-Utensils.

SIR,



O the cheap Touchstone's bold
To question the more Noble gold;
As I at your command
Put forth my blushing hand
To try these Raptures, sent to my poor
Test,

But since your Question's, are they like
the rest?

I say they are the best

That once conceiv'd, the other is confess.

But Sir, now they are here,

For to prevent a female jeere,

Thus much affirm I do,

They'r like the father too;

And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?

Herbert! whom when I read,

I stoop at Stars that shine below my head.

Herbert! whose every strain

Twists holy Breast with happy Brain,

So that who strives to be

As elegant as he,

Must

To the Author.

Must climb Mount Calvary for Parnassus Hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit to fill
A Saint-like stile, backt with an Angels skill.

He was our Solomon
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you
Where if your piety so much allow
That structure with these Ornaments t'endow,
All good men will ayow,
Your Synagogue built before, is furnish'd now.

F. L.

I have often, comely, of the others confest,
I say they are the best
But since your Question, says they like
The rest;
I have often, comely, of the others confest,
I say they are the best

But Sir, now they are here,
I have often, comely, of the others confest,
I say they are the best
But since your Question, says they like
The rest;
I have often, comely, of the others confest,
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